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Music.

BY DR. D. PRENTICE.

Give me music, soft sweet music,
For its cadence is to me
As dew drops to the drooping flower,
Or blossoms to the bee.
It soothes my fevered, burning brain,
It calms my troubled heart,
And bids in tones of melody,
My anxious cares depart.

Give me music, low, faint music,
And as its echoes roll,
In tones of thrilling tenderness,
Across my raptured soul,
I'll dream again as once I dreamed
Of happiness and love,
When hope, in wreaths of budding joys,
My life's bright texture wove.

Give me music, sad, slow music,
And while its sweet tones swell
And fall upon the ear like words
Of low, heart-breathed farewell,
My thoughts on fancy's wing shall float
The dreamy past return,
And muse amongst the relics there,
In memory's sacred urn.

Give me music, mournful music,
And my soul in mournful prayer
Shall rise upon the dying note
That vibrates on the air.
I'll pray for those whom well I love,
That their lives may pass away
As calmly and as gently as
The tones of that sweet lay.

Give me music, joyful music,
Let me feast upon the sound,
Till my spirit bursts the chain,
By which it now is bound,
And soar on that triumphant strain,
To join its native skies,
To join with angels in the song,
Where echoes never dies.

The Sounds of Industry.

BY FRANCES D. GADE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The rasping of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the mill,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continual boom—
The clapping of the saw's shears,
The driving of theawl—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
The resper's cheerful shout,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him to the town;
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of thrashers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the husker's joy and mirth and glee,
Neath the moonlight on the plain,
And the kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all is happiness
Comes out of toil and strife.
Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
And murmureth on the way—
Not that toil and strife that groweth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But that toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

Oh! there is good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the day time
And sweeter sleep at night.
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.
Oh! say not that I chide
Bade us labor as a doom!
No, it is his richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing,
What'er we find to do—
With an earnest willing spirit,
And a strong hand FAIR AND TRUE.

Consumption and Oxygen.

The Philadelphia Ledger contains the following interesting article which we commend to the perusal of every reader. We should like to hear a general expression of professional opinion on this important subject:

CONSUMPTION.—Some weeks ago we offered some remarks upon Consumption, tending to show that it is less attributable to climate, than to bad habits. We now offer a few remarks upon its treatment. The old murderous practice of bleeding, under which the patient was sure of death, is generally exploded, except among a few old physicians, especially in New York, who discard every new idea. Modern practice is far less exhaustive of vital energy, and therefore not so immediately fatal; and the faculty are beginning to believe that consumption will soon be as much within their curative power, as most other diseases.

We know not if oxygen gas has ever been tried in consumption. If it has not, the omission is singular, and might indicate a want of inductive reasoning. If it has been tried, was the trial thorough? Was it applied soon enough, or before the patient was reduced beyond all curative power? Was it persevered in? And if not, did the patients die through relapse after its discontinuance? If all these questions, and many others that we could ask, have not been considered, we reply, Try. If they have been considered, we say, Try again.

We assume as a first difficulty in consumption, want of oxygen. This gas, constituting about 25 parts in 100 of the atmosphere, is inhaled in respiration, mixed with the blood in the lungs, and carried throughout the system by the arteries. For what purpose? To impart to the system, as we believe, that vital principle called *oxygen*. It renders the blood fluid and red. The blood thus distributed by the arteries, is taken up by the veins, less fluid and nearly black, and carried to the lungs for a new dose of oxygen. The nitrogen of the atmosphere, about 75 parts in 100, is respired or breathed out, after the oxygen is separated from it in the lungs, excepting, perhaps, a small portion that may be distributed through the system for some necessary purpose. Does the oxygen thus separated and sent through the system, return through the lungs? Yes; but in a new combination. It is mixed with carbon in the system, and respired as *carbonic acid*. Therefore, if not a principal office of this oxygen, is carrying off *carbonic acid* through respiration.

If this be true, consumptive patients ought to exhibit an excess of carbon; or rather they ought to exhibit symptoms similar to those apparent where carbon is known to be in excess. Why? Because the lungs, whether through destruction of substance, as in case of suppuration or tubercles, or diminution of energy, without such destruction cannot imbibe and distribute a full dose of oxygen. They cannot imbibe enough, or properly dispose of all which they do imbibe; and hence a full quantity of carbon is not converted and expelled. Nor is this the only difficulty; for the debility is general, affecting every function, whether circulative, digestive, or excretive, and thus obstructs all the natural avenues for the expulsion of carbon. Dyspnoea indicates this. The *obscenity* about the eyes, *blueness* of the lips, livid complexion of the face, headache, and several other symptoms well known by the Faculty, are precisely those which appear in patients poisoned by burning charcoal. In such patients carbon is well known to be in excess, and because they have copiously inhaled both carbonic acid, or carbon and oxygen, and carbon alone. We respectfully ask the Faculty to inform us of the symptoms in other cases, where they have reason to believe in or suspect an excess of carbon; for if the symptoms in such cases are similar to any in consumption, a similarity in cause may be inferred. Scrophula is a frequent source of consumption, especially tuberculous. The disease prevails in cold, damp, variable climates. As vegetation is the principal known source of oxygen for the atmosphere, and as vegetation supplies most when the sun is most powerful, are cold, damp, climates deficient in oxygen? And does this deficiency cause the accumulation of carbon in the system? And if so, has this excess any connection with consumption so frequent in scrophula? We are told that scrophula is frequently in England, in large manufacturing towns. Is scrophula in excess there through the agency of steam engines? We ask these questions merely as suggestions to those much better able to investigate such subjects.

If our hypothesis be well founded, would the administration of oxygen gas in consumption, by inhalation, be beneficial? Let us suppose the lungs so far impaired in energy, as to imbibe only one fourth of the natural quantity of oxygen. Inhaling pure oxygen under such circumstances, would furnish a full natural dose, which would oxygenate the full natural quantity of carbon, and thus convert and expel the excess. The obstruction being thus gradually removed, every obstructed function might gradually recover its healthy, normal condition. Inhaling vapors largely supplied with oxygen gas, burning resin, tar, and similar substances, has long been known by the Faculty as useful in consumption. Here they ascribe the whole benefit to oxygen. If then oxygen thus diluted be beneficial, would not pure oxygen be more so? We ask for information. And if oxygen would be salutary, chemists can readily devise some cheap and expeditious mode of procuring it. Nitrate of potash, or saltpetre, peroxide of manganese, and several other substances, contain it largely. Chemists obtain it by putting peroxide of manganese, mixed with sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol,) in a glass retort over a lamp, and gather the oxygen in a jar inverted over water, through a tube leading from the retort. An India-rubber bag, with a stop-cock, would answer the purpose of the jar. One pound of manganese and two of sulphuric acid will yield 2000 cubic inches, or seven gallons of pure oxygen. Nitrate of potash contains oxygen largely, which can be obtained by mixing the salt with sulphuric acid, which has a greater affinity for potash than nitric acid. By putting saltpetre and oil of vitriol (nitrate of potash and sulphuric acid) into a glass retort, connected by a tube with an India rubber

bag, furnished with a stop-cock, we can easily and cheaply obtain abundance of oxygen, which the patient can keep and inhale at leisure. The mode of inhalation should be inflating the lungs by the longest inhalation of which the patient is capable, and then holding the breath as long as possible, to give the oxygen inhaled all possible time for its salutary office. We merely suggest all this for inquiry and experiment.

From the New York Tribune.

The New Costume.

PANTALOONS vs. PETTICOATS.—In your "Considerations concerning clothes," which appeared in the Tribune of the 17th instant, you show that the long flowing garments hitherto worn by dignitaries both in Church and State, are being laid aside, and that now Dukes, Priests and Emperors prefer wearing the simple citizen's dress, except on extraordinary occasions. You assign no particular reason for this, but think it has been done from a kind of instinct.

Now, Sir, I think this laying aside of the cumbersome flowing robe can be easily and reasonably accounted for. No man who is accustomed to freedom of person and limbs will long bear the restraint imposed by an uncomfortable dress. No one who has been used to the comfortable, convenient, close-fitting attire worn by men, can feel at ease with legs muffled in a long robe, and arms held in a proper position for sustaining its loose, flowing sleeves. Can it be thought strange then, that Dukes, Priests, Judges and Emperors should prefer rather to dispense with the "badge of authority" than to suffer the loss of freedom of motion? To my eye there is much more of dignity and superiority in the appearance of him who is richly attired in a citizen's dress, than in the image of the long robe; for the latter calls the image of a woman in a night gown, except that the night gown has a more simple and easy look. I think it is solely owing to the inconvenience and discomfort of the full flowing drapery that it is so rapidly disappearing among men. We, who have discarded long skirts and tasted the blessings of freedom, can well imagine how ill at ease one must feel who has ever enjoyed perfect freedom of action, when compelled to envelop himself at times in the cumbersome fetters of the long robe. Not even a desire to command respect for "superior and sacred functions" will induce men to bear this yoke of slavish ambition. In sickness the long calico wrapper is worn, for both man and woman, but at no other time is the long dress becoming to him, or useful to her; on the contrary it is for both inconvenient and uncomfortable, and to women in the highest degree injurious.

There is much said and written just now about *women's dresses*. Editors seem to think their especial business to settle the question how long we may, and how long we may not wear our skirts; and they have entered into the discussion with a spirit which I should be glad to see manifested on some other subjects lying more immediately within their province. In my opinion, women are the most proper persons to decide upon the style of their costume; and I doubt not their good sense will guide them aright in the manner, and prevent their doing anything to shock the modesty or wound the feelings of the truly sensible and high-minded.

Many seem to think that if we shorten our dresses just enough to permit them to pass over our shoulders, and tobacco juice, and other filth, that is all that is necessary to be done. You, Sir, I believe, entertain that opinion. But you who know from experience the evils of long skirts—even though they may fall lower than the ankle—and the blessings of short ones, cannot agree with those who think thus. The longer the dress, the greater the quantity of underclothes needed to give us a good figure; the shorter the dress the greater the number and weight dispensed with.

If we wear long dresses, we must from necessity wear a considerable amount of underclothing; for even a lady in short dress and trousers does not appear so decidedly immodest and vulgar, as does she with a long one clinging close to her form, and whipping about her limbs. By shortening our skirts, two or three inches we might save them wippling up filth from the street, but they are just as cumbersome and crippling as the longer ones; whereas by shortening them nearly to the knee we not only give freedom and elasticity to our limbs, but relieve ourselves of the undue weight hitherto suspended from the waist.

We may look more graceful in the dragging skirt, but we feel more graceful in the short one. The only question in regard to the new costume should be as to its utility; and there are enough of you who can speak from experience on that point. Custom will make any dress look well; and already to my eye the *American* short dress and trousers appears more truly graceful and genteel, than the long, mopping, crippling drapery. Yours truly, AMELIA BLOOMER.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., June 19, 185.

Short Dresses.—Prentice, being desired to state, explicitly, whether he was for or against the proposed short dresses for ladies, replied that, inasmuch as it was not in his power to pass much time with the ladies, he wished during those brief opportunities to see as much of them as he could with propriety, and therefore he was "decidedly" a short dress man.

An eastern paper says:—"Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankees rarely, if ever, make away with themselves, for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President; and at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on, just to see what he will come to."

Singular Marriage.

Some three months ago, the steamer Lafayette was on her passage from Louisville to the Crescent City. The boat was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of every portion of the country, some on pleasure excursions others on business. Every part of the boat was filled with passengers, and especially the ladies cabin—every state room and berth being occupied. A merrier party never rode the Father of the Waters.

Nothing out of the usual routine occurred during the first two or three days. Every evening as is usual on boats bound for the sunny South, card playing and tripping the light fantastic, too, was of course the program.

About six o'clock in the evening of the fourth day a signal light was discovered waving to and fro on the distant shore. The boat soon rounded to an individual enveloped in a cloak stepped on board. Our passenger proved to be a maiden lady of some thirty summers.

Here shall we stop her? was now the inquiry. The ladies berths being all taken, the clerk was obliged to give her a state room in the gentlemen's cabin, near the ladies saloon, which was occupied by a tall, lank countryman, on his way south with a cargo of notions. He being on the hurricane deck at the time, was not aware that he would have to give up his quarters to a female; the officer of the boat, by some oversight, failed to apprise him of his new feature.

The dancing having ceased, "the smaller hours" being at hand, all now retired to their state rooms, with the rest our unsuspecting maiden friend—she turned into the lower berth of the room, while our friend, the countryman, was fast asleep, in the upper, doubtless dreaming of the dimes he expected to pick up on his speculation.

Next morning, the bell announced breakfast, our maiden friend, prepared to rise, when lo! and behold! a pair of thick boots and a great lot of unmentionables greeted her eyes.

At that moment our country friend also opened his eyes. A lot of female apparel was the first thing that met his horrified vision. The truth flashed across his mind he had got into the wrong box, perhaps; but that could not be, as his duds were where he had placed them several days previous. Both were fairly caught; who shall make the first move.

After much hesitation our friend in the upper berth ventured to look below. A pair of eyes stared him in the face! After playing a regular game of "hopecy" for a time, our country friend, with all the gallantry of a gentleman, suggested the propriety of just covering her eyes for a moment, until he slipped on his inexpressibles. She did so, and he vamped like smoke. His first business was to find the clerk who had placed him in such a ridiculous fix. Apologies were made, and heavily laden enjoyed at his expense. He now agreed to treat all hands if the passengers would keep cool.

Every one noticed that Jonathan paid his friend great attention during the whole trip. Some heard him tell her his prospects in life.

On the arrival of the boat at New Orleans, the parties were sent wending their way to a magistrate's office—and if there ever was a case of love at first sight, this must have been one.

A Good Story. There lived lately in one of the mountainous counties of Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler, who were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was not of such a nature, as to render him dangerous to any one. He merely considered himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and while under the influence of his own grandeur, he would sit at the top of his chair, and pass them off to heaven or hell, as his honor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills, when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their case. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet repudiated for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler, and said: "Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hash you been doin in dis lower world?" "Ah! Lord, I does not know," replied Shorge Fulwiler, hasn't you got a mill?" "Yes, Lord, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, you never take too much toll."

Short-Skirt Jingle.

Who ever did read any thing so impudent and saucy as the following:

Take a pretty girl,
The prettier the better,
Give her naught to read
But novels and love-letters,
Let her go to plays,
Circeuses and dances,
Fill her heart with love,
Murders and Romances.

Furnish her with beaux
Too numerous to mention,
Send her to attend,
Each "Woman's Rights" Convention,
Humor her to death
Where'er she has the vapors,
Verses let her write
For magazines and papers.

Tell her of her charms
On every occasion,
Make her "talents" rare
The theme of conversation,
Let affairs of state
And politics be taught her—
She'll wear "short skirts and pants"
Or at least, she "ortor."

The Last-thing We have Seen.

The Ohio Sun thus does up the remains of the whig party of Ohio. It is but their own confessions of what would happen them if the new Constitution was adopted:

WIND FURNAL.—This funeral took place in Ohio on the 17th day of June, inst., at 12 o'clock, P. M., it having died at 6. To use the language of a whig, it was killed by our own tricks. The procession was formed in the following order:

1st. The 14 whig traitors who voted against the adoption of the new Constitution in the Convention, (after all parties had agreed upon it as a compromise,) and who hoped thereby to become popular.

2d. The Ohio whig State Central Committee, who were the dictators of the party on all occasions, and who tried to make a party question of it.

3d. The whig editors of the State generally.

4th. Music by the Pumpkin-vine band to the tune that the old cow died of, with bells, horns, and kettles.

5th. The carcass, drawn by two jackasses on a big chip. A. M. Gost and P. B. Swing, pull-bearers. They couldn't afford but two, and they had to act in the double capacity of pull-bearers and scare-crows to keep away the crows, and other animals from the rotten concern.

6th. Those whigs who oppose the election of all officers by the people.

7th. Those whigs who are opposed to equal taxation.

8th. Those who voted to exempt banks from taxation, and pay the taxes of banks themselves by voting against the new Constitution.

9th. Those who voted against an equal appropriation, and favor the whig gerrymandering throughout the State.

10th. Those in favor of increasing the State debt to any amount.

11th. Those who are opposed to a good Judiciary.

12th. Those who are opposed to a speedy organization of the Legislature.

13th. Those who believe Corporations are perfect—that they can do no wrong—that their characters should not be repealed, and that ten times the contract debts they are not bound to pay them.

14th. Those who think the old Constitution perfect, and that no amendments should be made to it.

15th. The Democrats who were fooled by the whigs, voted for the old Constitution, and are thus most awfully snake-bit.

16th. All those who believed that if the new Constitution was adopted, all internal improvements must stop—all graveyards and churches would be taxed—that those men would be subject to double taxation; and then followed those who believe the ten thousand other whig lies circulated on that day.

O, my countrymen what a terrible dust they kicked up, notwithstanding it was at night.

Such were the last scenes of whiggery. It is dead, dead—it killed itself. So note it be.

Have a Trade. By all means have a trade. Don't go up and down in the world, and find nothing you can put your hands to. No matter if you don't have to work for a living. You may not always be prosperous like you are now. This is a muting planet. Thank heaven, we live in no promiscuous, no hereditary succession. Each man is morally bound to labor.

CLIPPINGS.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

Violent blowing at a small fire is as likely to extinguish as to increase it.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series.—Emerson.

To bring on a longer rain—dress up for a pleasure excursion.

We understand that the *deities* are about to petition for a bill of divorce.

With what kind of pens do plagiarists write? With steel pens to be sure.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

The Indians have left Cincinnati and gone to Columbus.

The crops on Red River are suffering from the cut worm.

Mrs. Anna C. Mowatt is coming home.

Gaming is on the increase in Cincinnati.

A good cat is worth from ten to twenty dollars in California.

Perhaps the greatest charm in books is that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have.

No man should part with his own individuality, and become that of another.—Channing.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind and good affections in the heart.

If you wish for care, perplexity and misery be selfish in all things—this is the shortest road to trouble.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush, as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

Fame and admiration weigh not a feather in the scale against friendship and love, for the heart languishes all the same.

What a man has learned is of importance; but what he can do, what he will become, are more significant things.

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is "tied, and trained, has ten drils and shoots."

Life is a good deal like a pair of breeches—the comfort increases as the shins wear away.—Phil. Ledger.

When the Spaniards discovered Mexico they found there dumb dogs, but afterwards they found bark in Peru.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one; the only competition worthy a wise man is with himself.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.—Channing.

The judgement clarified by charity may be compared to the bee, that finds honey where wasps and hornets gather little but poison.

Slander is more accumulative than a snow ball. It is like a salad, which every one will season to his own taste, or the taste of those to whom he offers it.

He who pampers the selfishness of another does that other mortal injury, which cannot be compensated by any amount of gratification imparted to him.

"Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?" "Well, I don't know but what I could, mother, if I stood up." Good boy that.

An old maid who hates the male sex, most venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the beauty of her spirits.

Dobbs once boarded with a woman "so stingy of her sugar," that when she stewed a quart of gooseberries, they seem sharpened to a pint.

"Doctor, do you think that tight lacing is bad for the constitution?" "Not at all, my love—it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

Choice of Business.

One of the greatest difficulties a young man encounters in his "teens," and sometimes the matter is postponed to a later period, is the selection of a business for himself. So many relatives and friends, to say nothing of the scores of advisers, are to be consulted, and so many important interests to be weighed, that a trade or profession might sometimes well-nigh be learned, while deliberations about it are pending.

Few persons but have a natural bias for some particular occupation, and though we would be far from counselling that a young man or boy should in all cases, be allowed to pursue the bent of his own inclination, we suffered to please himself only in the choice of an occupation, still there is often much wisdom in parents studying the dispositions of their children, and thereby bring about, if expedient, to second, rather than oppose the "turn" of their minds.

The chief difficulty with parents oftentimes is pride. They forget to measure their importance in community by the humble beginnings, and the years of labor and economy by which it has been secured. They desire still higher advancement for their children, but unfortunately neglect to school them in the principles of industry and application, the only sure means to attain that object. The son perhaps inherits all the business qualities of the father, and would make an excellent salesman or a first rate mechanic, but a very poor doctor or an ordinary lawyer. Hence, by his education for the latter, he loses the chances of both, and becomes good for nothing in either situation. We are glad, however, to perceive that a gradual, though decided change is working in this false pride of American parents. And it is to be hoped that in a few years our country will be as highly distinguished for the superior excellence of its mechanics, and the enterprising character of its business men, as it is now remarkable for the great number of professional young men with which it is now flooded.

Another difficulty lies with young men themselves. Among the many mistaken notions they entertain, none is more common than an exaggerated estimate of their own abilities. A young man imagines himself an orator, and straightway betakes himself to the ministry or law. He is ashamed of an humble though honorable occupation—he aims at something more honorable.—Alas! how many a valuable life has been entirely lost or shamefully perverted by that same word, *honor*! This self esteem is laudable enough in its place, but when it leads possessors into extravagant notions of themselves and an inferior opinion of others, it becomes intolerable. Young men are apt to view their elders and themselves with just such a distortion—trades and business for their fathers—professions for themselves. We would by no means be understood as underrating the learned professions. Far from it; no one holds them in higher estimation. But we would have every young man choose an occupation suited to his natural taste and abilities, and not according to the foolish notion that a trade is disreputable, or that the mere distinction of a professional title makes the man better or more worthy of respect. The mechanic and the lawyer or doctor stand on the same broad platform in this country of Democratic institutions, and the one may render himself as worthy of respect and eminence as the other. Our government is no respecter of persons.—*Minor's Journal*.

A Great Man. George Lippard in his new work, entitled the Nazarine, thus speaks of President Jackson:

"He was a man! Well, I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair, I can see that old warrior face, with its snow white hair, even now. We told him of the public distress, the manufacturers ruined, the eagles shrouded in crime, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence Square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposit where they were, to uphold the great bank in Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the bank were crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose; I can see him yet. 'Come!' he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clenched right hand was raised above his white hairs: 'come with bayonets in your hands instead of petitions; surround the White House with your legions; I am ready for you all! By the Eternal! With the people at my back, your gold can neither buy nor awe; I will swing you up around the Capitol, each rebel of you, on a gibbet, high as Haman's! When I think (says the author) of that one man standing there at Washington, battling with all the power of bank and papie combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss, or the fiend of falsehood howl!—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock, and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered his awful vow, 'By the Eternal! I will not swerve one inch from the path I have chosen!' I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome, nay, the proudest days of Cromwell or Napoleon, cannot furnish an instance of a wiza like that of Andrew Jackson, when he placed life and soul and fame on the hazard of a die, for the people's welfare."

Jewelry is becoming quite fashionable again. One of our contemporaries says he met a young lady on New Year's day, who had a farm on each wrist, a four story house around her neck, and at least six life memberships attached to each ear.

Mr. William Thompson, a planter of Mississippi, has manumitted a number of slaves, and sent them to Mercer county, in this State.

Ten thousand dollars has been raised by subscription at Lynchburg, for the support of the wife and children of Mr. Terry, late editor of the *Vigilant*, who was recently killed in an affray in that town.